MARVEL® COMICS

DEADPOOL®: FUNERAL FOR A FREAK

MARVEL PG 2 62

TIERI
JEANTY
HOLDREDGE

Another fine scan by GenkiAkuma!
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IT'S GOOD TO BE THE KING.

MORE WINE, MY LORD?

KEEP POURIN'...

MORE FAN, MY LORD?

...KEEP FLAPPIN'...

MORE "YOU KNOW WHAT" MY LORD?

KEEP YOUR PANTS ON-- GOD, YOU GIRLS ARE WEARING ME OUT! OH, VERY WELL... YA TALKED ME INTO IT...

LET ME ASK YOU... DOES IT GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS? MEGA-HOT BABES AT MY BECK AND CALL 24-7...

...HEY AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' ON ME, LET ME TELL YA.

BESIDES THE COUNTLESS "YOU KNOW WHAT" SESSIONS, IF I WANT FOOD, THEY BRING ME FOOD. IF I WANT WINE...

...HMMM. WINE TASTES SORTA FUNKY.

COME TO THINK OF IT, IT DON'T TASTE LIKE WINE AT ALL!

IT KINDA TASTES LIKE--

PTTUI!

SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEADPOOL

FUNERAL FOR A FREAK

PART 2 of 4

REIGN OF THE DEADPOOLS

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PTTUT!?

AWW, MAN...

...FREAKIN' MANGY MUTT!?

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WAKE ME UP FROM THE *GREATEST* DREAM OF MY LIFE TO USE MY *MOUTH* FOR A *FIRE HYDRANT*. Huh?

GO 'HEAD, *BENJY*-- GO PLAY IN *TRAFFIC*, WHY DON'T YA--!

YIPE YIPE YIPE

GEE, I'M AWFULLY *SORRY* 'BOUT THAT, MISTER -- THAT'S JUST *JASPER'S* WAY OF SAYIN' *HELLO*, IS ALL.

OH YEAH-- HOW'S HE SAY *GOODBYE* THEN? BITE YA IN THE *CROTCH*?

AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT, WHO IN THE NAME OF *NED THE WIND* ARE YOU GUYS SUPPOSED TO BE-- THE *SKID ROW WELCOMING COMMITTEE*?

HA, HA... *SOMETHING* LIKE THAT I RECKON. FOLKS 'ROUND HERE CALL ME *DUKE*-- GOT ME BACK FROM THE *WAR* AND WOUND UP HERE, THANK YA VERY MUCH, UNCLE SAM.

THIS LOVELY GAL HERE'S *POPEYE*-- SHE USED TO BE ONE A' THEM, WHAT YA CALL 'EM, *BURLESQUE DANCERS*.

BACK IN THE DAY, Huh?

WHAT "BACK IN THE DAY"? I ONLY QUIT *LAST MONTH*.

I... UH... I HAVE ABSOLUTELY *NO RESPONSE* TO THAT.

GEE, WHERE'S MY *HEAD*? I ALMOST *LEFT OUT* THIS SON OF A GUN RIGHT HERE! SAY HELLO TO--

BLECK!

--SCUZZY.

Um, I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO *EXCUSE* SCUZZY, MISTER. HE'S WHAT YOU'D CALL AN ALCOHOLIC'S *WORST NIGHTMARE*--A DRUNK WHO CAN'T *HANDLE* HIS OWN LIQUOR.

VOMITS LIKE EVERY *5 MINUTES*, SO WE'VE FIGURED.

OKAY, SINCE I MET YOU GUYS I'VE BEEN *PEED* ON AND *VOMITED* ON... ANY OTHER *BODILY FUNCTIONS* I CAN EXPECT BEFORE THE DAY'S THROUGH?

CAN'T SAY I BLAME YA FOR BEIN' *SORE*, MIST -- SAY, I CAN'T JUST KEEP CALLIN' YOU *MISTER* NOW, CAN I? YOU GOT A *NAME*, SON?

MY *NAME*? SURE, MY NAME'S... IT'S Uh... GEEZ, NOW THAT I *THINK* OF IT...

...I DON'T KNOW...

OKAY, EVERYBODY--

--IN CASE THE *SUB-MACHINE GUNS* WEREN'T A TIP-OFF--

--THIS IS A *STICK-UP!*

YOU KNOW THE DRILL--NOBODY MAKE ANY *SMART MOVES* AND WE'LL ALL GO HOME IN *ONE PIECE.*

BY THE BRISTLING BEARD OF *BLIND AL!*

TROUBLE'S AFOOT WITH A CAPITAL *"T"!* TIME TO *FORGO* MY PERSONA AS A MILD-MANNERED *BEAT REPORTER* FOR THE DAILY BUGLE --

--AND SPRING INTO ACTION AS THE *MERC-WITH-MORALITY!*

HEY. THAT *GUY'S GETTIN' AWAY!*

GETTIN' AWAY? HE RAN INTO THE *FRIGGIN' BROOM CLOSET!*

OKAY, SWEETIE, COME ON *OUTTA* THERE BEFORE I HAVE T'*PUMP* THAT CLOSET FULL A'--

SLAMMM!

STAND FAST, *EVIL-DOERS!* YOUR VILLAINOUS *SHENANIGANS* HAVE NO PLACE AMONGST THE GOOD, STAUNCH *CITIZENS* OF THIS FAIR CITY OF OURS!

DID HE JUST CALL US... *EVIL-DOERS?*

TELL ME THIS GUY AIN'T FOR *REAL*...

I DUNNO, AND I *DON'T CARE!* ALL I KNOW IS HE'S *IN THE WAY* OF ALL THAT *CASH*--

--AND HE'S *GETTING OUT* OF THE WAY, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

DO YOUR *WORST,* VILE SCOURGES OF THE UNDER-WORLD!

OH...WE WILL, *CAPTAIN CORNBALL.*

YOU CAN BET ON *THAT.*

PAFF!

POW!

WHAM

ZOWEE!

YOU--! THE *SCREWBALL* IN THAT RIDICULOUS OUTFIT--

--*FREEZE!*

AH, THE LOCAL *CONSTABLES* HAVE ARRIVED--AND JUST IN TIME TO TAKE THESE *NO-GOODNIKS* AWAY...

HEY, *LOONEY, WHAT* THE HECK'S--

NO NEED TO *THANK* ME, MY GOOD MAN--CRIMEFIGHTING MAY BE A PAIN IN THE *SUPER-BUTTOCKS* FOR SOME, BUT IT'S ALL JUST A *DAY'S WORK* FOR--

--THE DYNAMIC
DEADPOOL!
I TAKE MY LEAVE OF YOU NOW, GOOD CITIZENS-- FOR THE FIGHT FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE AND ALL THAT OTHER GOOD STUFF IS A NEVER-ENDING ONE!
UP, UP AND AWAY!!!
MARTS AVE
RAICHT ST
BANK
Ahem... AND AWAY!
ER, UP UP AND... AND...
...AW, THE HELL WITH IT.
uh...
FERGET IT-- SOME THINGS YOU'RE DEFINITELY BETTER OFF NOT KNOWING...

MAN, YOU'RE *LUCKY* YOU CAME ALONG BEFORE WE GOT TO *"FOOD SCROUNGIN' TIME"*— BEST PART OF THE DAY IT IS!

YEAH, *SOUNDS GREAT*. SOMEBODY *SHOOT* ME NOW, PLEASE.

AWW, THAT'S JUST *NEWBIE* TALK, MISTER— BELIEVE ME, YOU'LL GET USED TO THINGS QUICKER THAN YA *THINK*.

MIGHT HELP IF YA KNEW YOUR *NAME* AND HOW YA *GOT* HERE, THOUGH...

THAT'S THE *THING*, I HAVEN'T THE *FOGGIEST* IDEA HOW I GOT HERE— JUST WOKE UP IN THE ALLEY WEARING THIS *OVERCOAT* WITH YOUR DOG GIVING ME A LITTLE *SHOWER*...

HEY, THAT'S *OKAY*, SON— WE'LL GET YA *STRAIGHTENED OUT* SOONER OR LATER. IN THE MEANTIME, WE'LL JUST CALL YOU *BOBO* FOR NOW.

"BOBO"?

YEAH, HE WAS MY *LAST* DOG BEFORE JASPER— DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS *EITHER* AFTER HE GOT HIT BY THAT *CAR*.

IN THE END, COULDN'T DO MORE THAN JUST *LAY AROUND* AND EAT HIS OWN *POOP*. POOR THING.

YOU SORT OF *REMIND* ME OF HIM.

GEE, THANKS... THAT REALLY MAKES ME FEEL ALL *WARM* AND *FUZZY* INSIDE. NO, REALLY.

HEY, LOOKS LIKE SQUIZZY'S *FOUND* SOMETHING!

OOOH, WE GOT *LUCKY* TODAY! MY FAVORITE— *GOOP* ON A STICK! DON'T FIND *GOOD EATS* LIKE THAT TOO OFTEN!

LOOK, BOBO— SQUIZZY'S *OFFERIN'* IT TO YA— ONLY RIGHT YOU GETTIN' *FIRST DIBS* ON GRUB, BEIN' OUR *GUEST* AN' ALL.

W-WHAT?!

ER... I... NO, THANKS... I CAN'T. I...uh... GAVE UP GOOP--- YEAH THAT'S IT!

I WAS HOOKED ON IT SOMETHING FIERCE...HAD TO GO TO GOOP-AHOLICS ANONYMOUS AND EVERYTHING.

COME ON NOW, BOBO--YA CAN'T BE TOO PICKY IF YOU'RE GONNA LAST 'ROUND HERE. IT'S NOT LIKE WE CAN JUST ORDER IN PIZZA HUT OR ANYTHING.

AH, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

BOTULISM--I AM YOURS!

HEY, THANKS FER HOLDIN' THAT FER ME, CHIEF---

--BUT I'LL TAKE IT NOW, IF YA DON'T MIND.

YEAH, WHAT HE SAID.

WHY THE LONG FACE? YA DON'T HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THAT, DO YA?

WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT...

BETTER THINK TWICE, BOY--- SLICK AND TINY HERE PRETTY MUCH RUN THINGS IN THE ALLEY. JUST LEAVE IT ALONE... FOR ALL OUR SAKES.

LISTEN TO THE OL' TIMER, SCAB. FACE, UNLESS OF COURSE... YA DON'T WANNA LEAVE IT ALONE...

WHAT HE SAID.

GENTLEMEN, I'VE CALLED YOU ALL HERE TODAY 'CAUSE, TO PUT IT *MILDLY*...

Gaijino's

...*BUSINESS IS BAD.*

FEDS GOT THEIR NOSES SO FAR UP OUR *KEISTERS*, THEY KNOW WHAT WE'VE HAD FOR *BREAKFAST* BEFORE WE'VE EVEN *FINISHED*.

THEN YA GOT *WISEGUYS*-- NOT JUST THE *SMALL-TIMERS* ANYMORE, MIND YA-- TURNIN' *RAT* AT THE DROP OF A DIME. YOU ALSO GOT THESE CRAZY *RUSSIAN* AND *ASIAN TRIADS*, WITH NO RESPECT FOR *NOTHIN'* TO DEAL WITH NOW.

BOTTOM LINE, WE BETTER GET OUR *ACTS* TOGETHER--

--OR THE MOB AS WE KNOW IT IS *THROUGH*.

KSSMASSH

I'LL *SECOND* THAT MOTION!

POOR BABIES-- THINK YA GOT IT BAD NOW?

WHO THE HELL--?!

YOU DON'T KNOW THE *HALF* OF IT.

GET THAT SONOFA--

EASIER SAID THAN *DONE*, BOYS.

RATATATATATATAT!

BDAM

BLAM

DAMN *BULLETS*--!

GOIN' *RIGHT THROUGH* HIM-- AN' HE DON'T FEEL A *THING!*

YEAH, *NICE* THE WAY THAT WORKS OUT FOR ME-- *AIN'T IT?*

I'M LOOKING AT A *DEAD* MAN-- YA *HEAR* ME?

YA HAVE ANY IDEA *WHO* YOU'RE MESSIN' WITH?

OH, I KNOW *FULL* [redacted] YA ARE, DON PARDO--

--BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, I AIN'T TOO *IMPRESSED.*

I-IT AIN'T JUST *ME*, PUNK. YA *WHACK* ME, THERE'S *OTHERS* YOU'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH--

LIKE?

LOUIE MUSTACHE.

ALREADY *SHAVED* HIM.

FRANKIE THE ANGEL?

BOY, DOES *THAT* NAME FIT.

JOHNNY CLOCKS?

ALL IN GOOD TIME.

SO NOW THAT IT'S ESTABLISHED THAT I KNOW *YOU* MOOKS-- BOTH THE LIVE AND *DEAD* ONES--

--YOU GOT ANY IDEA WHO *I* AM?

N-NO..

I'M THE *NEW K*[redacted] TOWN-- *I'M* THE GUY WHO'S [redacted] OVER THE [redacted]

--I'M *DEADPOOL.*

BLAM!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST LET US *BE*, SLICK? TAKE WHAT YOU CAME FOR... WE DON'T WANT ANY *TROUBLE*.

ACTUALLY, *TROUBLE'S* LOOKING REAL *GOOD* TO *ME* RIGHT ABOUT NOW.

DON'T WORRY, *NICE GUY*— WE'LL GET TO YOU IN A *MINUTE*.

FIRST I WANNA KNOW WHY *SQUIZZY* HERE WAS *EYE-BALLIN'* ME WHEN WE SHOWED.

URP.

OH, NO YA DON'T! YOU BETTER AIM THAT *PUKE* SOMEPLACE *ELSE* IF YA KNOW WHAT'S *GOOD* FOR YA!

BLECK!

GEE...

...*THANKS*, SQUIZZY.

BWAHAHAHAHAHA!

DID YOU *SEE* THAT?

YOU SEE THAT, BOYS?

POW

POW

OMIGOD, WILL YA LOOK AT *THIS*— WAY TO GO, *BOBO!*

WHERE THE BLUE BLAZES DID YA LEARN TO *FIGHT* LIKE THAT BOY?

WUSSY *TAE BO* CLASSES, *'SWEATIN' TO THE OLDIES'* WITH RICHARD SIMMONS-- HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW THAT?

HAVEN'T YOU GOTTEN THE CONCEPT THAT I DON'T *REMEMBER* ANYTHING?

BUT *YOU*, TWEEDLE-DEE AND TWEEDLE-DUMP, *YOU'RE* GONNA REMEMBER THIS RODNEY KING-ESQUE *BEATDOWN* I'M LAYING ON YA, *AIN'T YA?*

YOU'RE GONNA *REMEMBER* IT THE NEXT TIME YOU TRY AND *MUSCLE* THESE POOR SLUBS OUTTA FOOD, RIGHT?

C'MON, I WANT TO HEAR YOU *SAY* IT-- NICE AND *LOUD* WITH A LITTLE *FEELING*, POR FAVORE...

Y-YEAH, WE'LL REMEMBER

AND *WHOSE* STICK OF GOOP IS THIS?

Y-YOURS

DAMN, *SKIPPY*, IT IS!

HEY, YOU WIN, YAK FACE-- IT'S *ALL* YOURS, MAN--

--EVEN *THIS!*

OH, WE'VE GOT A *DOOZY* NEXT UP ON *JERKTIME*, KIDS--

MUSIC TELE

--I GIVE YOU THE INCREDIBLE EXPLODING *SEPTIC TANK!*

THAT'S RIGHT-- WE'VE COLLECTED THE MOST VILE, FOUL-SMELLING, RANCID *WASTE PRODUCT* THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN!

--FROM SUCH DESPICABLE PLACES AS THE CENTER FOR DISEASED AND OTHERWISE USELESS ANIMALS, THE BOY'S TABERNACLE CHOIR FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE *AND* THE ROSIE O'DONNELL SHOW--

--AND PLOPPED OUR *STAR* RIGHT IN THE *MIDDLE* OF IT!

EWWWWW!

YOU AIN'T *KIDDING!* AND AS IF THAT WASN'T *ENOUGH*-- NOW WE'RE GONNA BLOW THIS LITTLE BABY TO *KINGDOM COME*— WITH HIM *IN* IT!

BOOOOM

PRETTY *COOL*, HUH?

BUT AS USUAL, THERE'S NO NEED TO *PANIC*, KIDS--

--'CAUSE AS REGULAR VIEWERS ARE WELL *AWARE*-- OUR MAIN MAN *ALWAYS* MAKES IT OUT WITHOUT A *SCRATCH!*

Yo--
--am I a *god* or what?
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
OH, THAT WAS LIKE SO THE *GREATEST* PERFORMANCE *EVER!*
Yeah, good deal -- other than the fact that I'm gonna *smell* worse than *Mae West* for over a week...
By the way, what did I tell you about *not* prancing your overly-chipper, Sandy Duncan-like self in here *after* the show?
Tee hee! YOU'RE LIKE SO *FUNNY*-- DON'T YOU REMEMBER YOU ASKED ME TO BRING YOU A *SANDWICH*, SILLY GOOSE!
Oh, yeah...
...but I *also* told ya to cut off the *crust* for me, *didn't* I, bimbo? With a *pickle* on the side?
SPLAT!
And you know what *else?*
You're gonna wear this *stink towel* [redacted] your face for the rest of the day-- so I don't have to *look* at your incompetant, personal assistant *face!*
MPPPH!
Now escort me to the limo -- I wanna shatter your *self-esteem* a little more...
...here's a *tip*, Clyde--
UCK!
--and here's *another*... lose some *weight*, ya fat slob! Hahahaha!

B-BUT... BUT... WE WERE SUPPOSED TO, LIKE, GO OVER THE *ARRANGEMENTS* I HAD TO MAKE-- YOU KNOW, FOR YOU, LIKE, HOSTING THE VTV *AWARDS* TOMORROW!

Blah, blah, yada-yada, blah-- you talk an *awful lot* for someone who's crummy in the sack, ya know that?

Make 'em *yourself*-- even *you* can't screw that up.

It don't matter--'cause by this time *tomorrow night*--

--*everybody's* gonna know the name *Deadpool* one way or the other!

SLICK--

I KNOW-- WE BETTER SCRAM BEFORE THE S-O'S SHOW.

BUT LET THAT BE A *LESSON* TO YA, PUNK!

DON'T LET SOME DIRTBAG SHANK YOU IN THE *GUT*. GOT IT.

MAN, WHAT WERE YOU *THINKIN'*, BOBO? YOU JUST STOOD THERE AN' LET SLICK *STAB* YOU!

IT WAS LIKE I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS A *BIG DEAL*, FOR SOME REASON-- LIKE IT'S HAPPENED *BEFORE*, NO PROBLEM...

...BUT *NOW*...

...FEELING... KIND OF...

...WOOZY...

OH, LORD, WE BETTER GET HIM TO A DOC ASAP!

BLECK!

GEEZ, SCUZZY.

...AND A HAMBURGER, HOLD THE PICKLES.

I'M SORRY?

NO PICKLES--- I WANT NO PICKLES ON MY HAMBURGER.

UM... I'M NOT SURE I KNOW HOW TO... UM...

WHAT'S THE DAMN *PROBLEM?* YOU TAKE A *HAMBURGER*--YOU PUT ON THE LETTUCE, THE TOMATO, THE SPECIAL SAUCE... AND *DON'T* PUT ON THE FREAKIN' PICKLES!

YEAH, WELL, YOU SEE... uh... THERE'S NO LITTLE *PICTURE* ON MY CASH REGISTER FOR THAT...

OH FOR THE LOVE OF---!

I SWEAR YOU PEOPLE GET *STUPIDER* AND *STUPIDER* EVERYTIME I--

BLAM

OH, MY GOD!

NO PICKLES!

P-PLEASE D-DON'T H-HURT--

99¢

BLAM BLAM

NO PICKLES!

SHAKES...

FRIES...

NO PICKLES!

NO PICKLES!

NO PICKLES!

HEH, HEH... NO PICKLES!

CHOMP!

SLURP-- NO PICKLES!

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

HEEEELLPPP!

SOME NUT'S SHOOTING UP THE PLACE!

RATATATATAT

HEH, HEH... NOT A NUT!

HEH... NOT A... HEH... NUT!

DEADPOOL!

HEHEHEH...

PARK

MONTHLY

35 -

DEADPOOL!

DEADPOOL!

DEADPOOL!

MAN, YOU SURE WERE LUCKY THAT *KNIFE* DIDN'T GO ANY DEEPER OR ELSE YOU'D A' BEEN A *GONER*, BOBO--

--WHAT THE BLAZES WAS ON YOUR *MIND*?

COULDN'T SAY... MUST'VE THOUGHT I WAS A *SUPER HERO* OR SOMETHING...

OR MAYBE YOU WAS *EXPERIMENTED* ON BY *ALIENS*! WE DIDN'T ASK YOU ABOUT YOUR *FACE* BEFORE-- YA KNOW, FIGURED YOU DIDN'T LIKE TO *TALK* 'BOUT IT -- BUT WITH A *KISSER* LIKE YOURS... *SOMETHING'S* GOT TO BE UP WITH THAT.

NEED MONEY FOR BOOZE-- HEY, AT LEAST I'M HONEST!

HERE YOU GO, PAL.

BLESS YOUR HEART, SONNY. ALTHOUGH... FOR A FEW DOLLARS *MORE*, I'D BE WILLIN' TO *EARN* THAT MONEY THE *RIGHT* WAY, IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

I... uh... DEAR GOD... uh...

NEED MONEY FOR BOOZE-- HEY, AT LEAST I'M HONEST!

BLECK!

HEY!!

SEE? IT *NEVER FAILS*. I TRY TO DO SOMETHING *NICE* AND I WIND UP GETTING VOMITED ON AND SOLICITED BY A SCRAGGLY OLD-- huh?

WADE?

WADE... IS THAT REALLY YOU? HOW IS THIS *POSSIBLE*, DUDE-- I WAS JUST AT YOUR *FUNERAL*, FOR PETE'S SAKE!

WHAT'S A '*WADE*'?

YOU ARE— YOU'RE WADE. AND I'M YOUR OL' BUDDY MEASEL— DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?

YOU... YOU KNOW ME? YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

OF COURSE I DO—

—YOU'RE DEADPOOL!

NEXT THE PLOT THICKENS!
WHAT'S A WORLD TO DO WITH FIVE DEADPOOLS?!